

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend."—Pope:

VOL. I.

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30,

No. 22.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE
HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF
THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

*Domestick happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter.*

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COWPER.

Mr. Easy,

AS you have been assailed with the grievances of an Old Maid, and the torments of an Old Bachelor, I shall now depict my situation as a Married Man; each will prove the respective situations pregnant with inconvenience, still however with this consolation, that previous prudence would have warded off the disadvantages attendant upon all. I set out in life with an education above my fortune, and it was my lot to marry a worthy woman, with habits suited to the situation in which we then moved: but success having crowned my exertions, from a decent competency, I have now attained an handsome fortune. We have four children, two girls and two boys, and my great grievance is, that insensible to the original station in which we were placed, it too often occurs, they treat us with indifference, and I fear from our advanced stage of life, and consequent old fashioned habits, they are sometimes even ashamed to own us. With increased means, I felt it my duty to be as liberal as possible in giving my offspring an education superiour to what I had, and the false indulgence of the mother sanctioned an attachment and fondness for dress, which I in vain remonstrated against, but which she in common with myself now feel the inconvenience of. It was my primary object to have the boys well instructed. I wished to give them a knowledge of the dead and modern languages, and to cultivate a taste for literature, that they might be competent to that association which their own merit added to my means might afford them, and knowing I could give them

a decent set out in life, I must candidly acknowledge I felt some share of vanity, they should make a respectable figure in company, still intending to rear them in habits of industry, and making them useful to me in my old age. For the girls I felt equal solicitude, with this difference, preparing them for a suitable match, but at the same time anxious to bring them up with habits of economy, and competent to the discharge of the various domestick duties suited to their sex. Melancholy to relate, I am disappointed in all my views. The boys are eternally rioting with their acquaintance whom they designate as fashionable and genteel; the girls incessantly occupied to be sure, but it is in laying out money, which, heaven knows, I have dearly earned, talking about dress, preparing for balls, and are so followed by a new order of men denominated by the appellation of beaux, that my house more resembles a place of publick resort, than the orderly appearance of a respectable tradesman. As to their conversation you may be assured I scarcely share in, for I really do not understand one half the words they use, and if occasionally I hazard an opinion, it not unfrequently occurs that I receive a hint not to expose my ignorance or betray my prejudice. One of the bitterest nights this winter, I could not approach my own fire, so crowded was the room with, forsooth, some genteel ladies, who must necessarily have the warmest seats; so that by setting in the draft of the door for their accommodation, I caught a violent cold, which terminated in an asthma that nearly brought me to death's door. Even in this melancholy situation the numerous and indispensably necessary engagements of some of my children, and carelessness or indifference in others, left me not the least consolation arising from any soothing attentions from them. Many a time did I converse with my old woman upon the sad mistake we had committed, and she, poor soul, could only answer with tears in her eyes, trusting it would please God to awaken their minds to sensibility and gratitude. It has

not unfrequently occurred to me, how much the cast of a die might have altered the situation of these children, and I have almost been tempted to wish adversity had assailed me, that I might not have exposed them, not only to the temptation, but to the ridicule and remarks they necessarily incur by such conduct. My boys think nothing of going out to what they term in their slang (for that is the fashionable word I understand) a *jollification*, and coming home perfectly intoxicated at two o'clock in the morning; I ventured to remonstrate with them upon the impropriety of their conduct, and to use another set of fashionable phrases, they *quizzed* me by saying *I belonged to the old school*. I had just got to sleep a few nights since by the aid of laudanum, after a very severe attack of my complaint, when I was awakened by a violent knocking at the door, which in the morning I found to have originated with my girls, who had arrived from a dancing party, and when the eldest was informed the consequence, she very coolly observed, she was very sorry, but it was high time for old folks to be asleep, and was afraid such promptitude in waking looked like suspicion at her conduct. Now, Mr. Easy, without depicting my misfortunes, which I certainly could do in terms much more aggravated, but which I avoid lest I should momentarily sanction an idea hostile to matrimony—which by the bye, prudently entered upon holds out the best, I might almost say the only, chance for comfort in this life, let me warn others from incurring my vexations by reflections springing out of my own situation. I feel much is attributable to myself, and if I had exerted a proper influence and had been less absorbed in mercenary views, I might have avoided much of the misery I experience. I am occasionally so irritated with my children as to be almost disposed to consign them to the care of that world they so much confide in, when they would soon learn to appreciate its real value by understanding the term indifference, when protections ceased, were I not afraid the remedy would prove worse than the disease. As I take in the Companion, I shall so contrive that this paper shall be read by the whole family, when I hope and trust reason will resume the helm, and reflection be awakened by the similitude. If not, as I shall be the concealed author, I shall at least have the advantage of witnessing the effect produced by this species of remonstrance; and if ineffectual, I am resolved from the moment to turn over a new leaf, and boldly insist upon the adoption of that conduct which I deem suited to their situation.

Being engaged in the subject, I shall avail myself of the opportunity to give a general view of education and

habits as adopted in this country. I mention this country, as I understand the plan pursued in Europe nearly accords with the ideas I am about to recommend. I shall from sad experience begin with the obligation of parents, and I must here observe, we commit a great fault in neglecting our infants in early life, and turning them over almost exclusively to the care of servants. The situation and dependance of those servants is obviously unfavourable, inasmuch as custom has sanctioned an overbearing conduct, which, to say the least, is unfavourable to the future habits of the child. I well know the delicacy of the ground I am now upon, and I purposely forbear enlarging, as enough has been already said to awaken reflection in the sensible mind. By the allowed habits I have adverted to, children not only contract many pettish and domineering habits, but by the inculcated inferiority of their dependants, a self consequence is generated, and a habit of authority extremely dangerous in riper life. Were the mother more attentive, many little unhappy germs that gradually undermine the temper, might be avoided. It ought to be the duty of the parents to give them the first rudiments of knowledge, to watch and stop if possible every peccant humour, to gratify their little wants by furnishing them with interesting employment, supplying such amusements as may at once gratify and improve. Let it be farther laid down as a rule, for no child to be turned over to the care of a servant when the parent can with any degree of propriety be with them, for nothing can be more true than that children nourished by strangers and incessantly separated from their parents, cannot retain that filial love which forms the true cement of affection. Children and parents equally throw their feelings into extraneous, not to say unnatural, channels, and during the remainder of their lives, the original course is never regained. In this truth, I unfortunately have the sanction of experience, and could I retrace my steps, very different indeed should be my conduct. How enviable to me in the few instances that occur within the sphere of my observation are those families where a consolidation of feeling and an union of interest prevail. The parent solicitous for the welfare of his offspring, the children in their turn undoubtedly attached to their parents; one thought, one wish, one interest, one undissembled love. By the conduct I have recommended on the part of parents, affection, regard, and veneration, are engendered, which no time can annihilate, no occurrences or change of circumstances eradicate. Let me hope, sir, the situation I have depicted as expressive of that in which I am placed will awaken attention to my remarks. Let others

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profit by my misfortunes, and may the lesson be a buoy to prevent others stranding upon that shore which greater vigilance and circumspection would have prevented my striking upon.

Matrimony thus engaged in will be a blessing; without it, proves a curse. It is a situation designated by providence; it is susceptible not only of the best, but the only valuable enjoyment we can possess in this world. It occurs to me the happiest picture the most successful artist could paint would be the situation of a parent sinking after a due lapse of years "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns," enjoying the endearing attentions of an affectionate offspring.

A MARRIED MAN.

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STRIKING REMARKS ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN  
TALENTS AND GENIUS—AN EXTRACT.

Little minds are fond of examining parts; to see things in the whole, to judge of them in the great, requires genius, and though talents and abilities are frequent, genius is infinitely rare. This man has elocution; that has wit; another possesses learning and knowledge; and a fourth is eminent for those small arts which captivate the confidence of mankind: in highly polished society, such qualifications are not confined to a few, and the situations for which they are requisite, may always be supplied out of the common herd; but that transcendent power of intellect, that rapidity of intuition, which pervades and illuminates the whole of the darkest subject at a single glance; comparing at once every possible combination, and invariably selecting the best; those high feelings of the mind by which right is impressed on the heart as a sentiment, at the same instant that it is received into the understanding as a truth, where there is a soul to animate, as well as a head to direct—this is genius—equally rare in all ages, seldom understood at first, because above the times which it is destined to enlighten and improve, and therefore undervalued; but sure sooner or later to find its level in the estimation of mankind. Of such men it has been said, with very little of poetical fiction, that they hold a middle station between men of the common standard and the higher order of intellectual beings.

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NO SYMPATHY FOR LOVERS.

Mr. Easy,

Of the passions derived from the imagination, those which take their origin from a peculiar turn or acquired habit, though they may be acknowledged to be perfectly natural, are, however, but little sympathized with. The imaginations of mankind, not having acquired that par-

ticular turn, cannot enter into them, and such passions, though they may be almost unavoidable in some part of life, are always in some measure ridiculous, and sympathy is not awakened by them.

I have always remarked, and believe it is only to be accounted for as above, that there is no grief, trouble, vexation, or embarrassment in life, so little sympathized with, as that of love. Though the friendship, which we may bear towards any particular individual in life, operates so immediately upon our passions and inclinations, as to force us into a participation of all his joys and sorrows; though, when a friend whom we hold dear to us is lingering on the bed of sickness, untimely and fortuitously snatched from the grateful intercourse of his fond companions, we feel an ungovernable sympathy for his misfortune; we exert ourselves to the utmost extent of our ability to effect some alleviation of his trouble; our most unremitted exertions are called forth to rescue him from his impending danger, and shield him from the calamitous and threatening stroke; though, in a word, we sympathize with all mankind, when labouring under the pain of bodily or mental disasters, who have not by some overt act of inhumanity, or other conduct incompatible with the principles of religion or morality, brought upon them the general odium of the world; yet, Mr. Easy, as universal as is the sympathy of mankind, we find no one, however closely connected to us by the strongest ties of friendship and affection, who will heed the agonizing sighs of the distracted lover, will "feel as he feels," and condoling with him, humanely disburthen him of a portion of his grief.

If by the rude outrage of some disorganizing member of society we conceive a friend aggrieved, we readily sympathize with his resentment. The same desire of revenge burns within our bosoms that has lighted the vindictive fire in his. If, in needy and pinching circumstances, benefits have been conferred upon him by the liberal hand of some generous witness of his necessities, our friendship enkindles in us a like feeling of gratitude, and we conceive the same sense of the merit of the benefactor. But if our friend is *in love*, if his mind is convulsed with the exquisite distress and apprehension of disappointment, if melancholy, with vulture-appetite, hourly corrodes his substance, engendered in his bosom by the excruciating racking reflection of his inability ever to attain the object of his wishes; if unjust capricious fortune has rudely and most unfeelingly driven from her threshold the abject petitioner for mercy, alas! what friend to administer the invigorating potion, to infuse into his heart the healing balm

and raise him from his dejected state. None! Sympathy has banished from her menial train this passion, so offensive to the ear and sight of man when felt by any but himself.

It is true, in some instances he becomes an object of pity, but that *pity* is plundered of her attribute, which, though it might have glistened in the eye of the inexorable opposer of his happiness when the sad catastrophe was complete, scorned to interpose, when interposition might have saved him. Is it the love of Castalio and Monimia which renders the Orphan so interesting? No! It is the distress which that love occasions. The many perilous situations in which they are placed works upon the feelings of an audience, and not the representation of two persons in love, without imagining them baffled and exposed to all the perils which ingenuity could devise. Would the author have been able so happily to lower down our feelings from the immense pitch to which they had been raised had Romeo accomplished his desires? Impossible! The author who should introduce two lovers in a scene of perfect security, expressing their mutual fondness for each other, would excite ridicule and laughter, not sympathy. So it is in life, two lovers appearing to enjoy the society of each other become ridiculous to the view of disinterested spectators, and subjects for the envious to vent their spleen and malice upon.

LEOPOLD.

Believing this is not the same Leopold who attempted to palm a song of *Thomson's* upon us as original poetry, we have given his piece a place in our paper. We agree perfectly with him that happy lovers generally appear ridiculous to disinterested persons, and that there is very little sympathy for them when disappointed or distressed. A young pair engaged by mutual affection, deserve the jeers and censure of others when they toy and fondle in company; and as distressed lovers are much given to whining, dispassionate persons, who think it folly to grieve for one, while there are so many more in the world out of which to make a choice, seldom sympathize in distress which is generally believed to be imaginary. If *Leopold* should be in this most distressing of all distressing situations, we promise to rake up all the sympathy we possess; but fear it will not be much. We would not advise him to hang himself; that is too like a dog's death: nor drown; for that is like a puppy: nor shoot himself; that is such a noisy swaggering way of strutting out of the world: nor take poison; for that is sneaking. As for leaping off a cliff or promontory—it's an old hacknied trick: and for stabbing—why it might do well enough on the stage; but

what applause could any man get by sticking a dagger in his gizzard in a private room? Upon the whole, therefore, we would advise him to live; at least till we can devise some kind of novel, romantic, and truly lover-like death, as shall extort the admiration of all the sighing, dying, rhyming, whining, folded-armed, melancholy tribe that exist under the moon.

THE TRIFLER—No. VIII.

["Sit you down, sir," said the complaisant Lavinia, to a young man of her acquaintance, who entered the room in the middle of a very entertaining discussion between Lavinia and myself.

"Sit you down, sir."—Perhaps it was proper she should thus invite him, when I was certain she did not wish him to do so. But how should Leander know that by his unfortunate visit—nay, a *formal visit* it was not—but an accidental "call"—how should he know that at the moment he entered, we were pleasingly engaged in sober conversation, of that kind which necessarily must be dropt on the interference of a third person.

I examined closely the countenance of Lavinia, in hopes I might discover something that would contradict the invitation—but in vain. For, though I was fully convinced that she was not pleased at being compelled, from common usage, to suffer this privation, yet the uncommon sweetness of her disposition, added to a thorough knowledge of polite etiquette, veiled the sentiment that would have been read in her bewitching eyes.

I am a plain man, and little skilled in fashionable manners; from which, no doubt, the disappointment was more severely felt; but questioned with myself, whether one person might not, with propriety, intimate to another in a friendly and delicate way, either by word or by look, that their company was not, at all times, desirable. Now Lavinia, Leander, and myself, are intimate acquaintances, and extremely agreeable (I may say) one to the other. Yet such is the effect of habit, or education, that neither of us can at all times speak our mind to the other. Could Leander have known that the peculiar turn the conversation between us had taken, rendered his company, of that of any other person, particularly oppressive, no common inducement could have brought him. His noble nature would not permit him to mar the happiness of a fellow-mortal, or in anywise disturb the peace of friends he loved.

Disappointed by his intrusion, a long evening wailed out, in despite of the lively mood Leander was in

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Not all the flashings of his wit, nor his agreeable vivacity, could again raise us.

After we had quitted the house of our friend, I could not help making known to Leander the pain he had unknowingly given me. "Is it possible," cried he, "that I am that wretch?—Why did'nt you tell me—why not give me a frown—a wink—some sign of my unwelcome? Zooks! Rario, you are indeed a *rare* man!—You must know—"

I do know, my friend, (interrupted I) that one of my description would make a ludicrous figure enough in attempting to batter down the restraints in society, which the world say are necessary and proper. Do you forget, Leander, that FASHION says we must bear with the company even of a fop and a fool—though his want of intellect should render him more contemptible in the eyes of a man of sober sense, than his brother monkey?—It may be, Fashion here wisely says too—for were these animals banished the company of rationals, the ladies would not half enjoy their risible faculties.

Leander would listen no longer to my philosophy; he was again beginning to accuse himself, as we turned the corner—where we found three very indifferent looking persons scuffling on the foot-way. They were black—the watch had called eleven—but the night was uncommonly fine—and the bright full moon seemed to laugh as she shone kindly on these thoughtless sons of Africa.—Alas! thought I, how happy would these be, with but half the rags which now hang between their shivering frames and this keen air, were they at liberty in their native wilds.—"O Slavery! thou art a bitter draught."—

I was getting fast beyond my depth, in such reflections, when I started at the ravings of Leander. He had stopped to enquire the cause of their quarrel. Though constitutionally one of the best men living—and possessed of the greatest humanity—yet, on hearing that one of these fellows would go along with the other two, contrary to their desire, repeatedly expressed—it appeared so rascally to Leander at the time—when his feelings were so worked up on a similar occasion—that he seized the astonished offender in an instant with such fury in his eyes, and such awful threats, as caused me to apprehend a fatal result. But I fortunately came up in time to catch the falling staff. I had now time to view their positions:—Leander, back to the moon, his left hand entangled in some rags, apparently intended for a cravat, whilst his right, containing a frightful bludgeon, was raised high in the unopposing air,—seemed to threaten the very existence of poor blacky, whose fear choked all utterance—and whose enor-

mous eyes rolled wild despair, whilst they almost rivalled in size and brilliancy, the peaceful orb above.—Had I commanded a full view of Pompey before I caught the staff, laughter must have robbed me of the power, and Melpomene herself would mourn over the tragic issue.

It was curious to witness the rage of Leander, occasioned by his having disturbed me. At any other time, he would have taken no notice of the playful scuffle between the sable gentry. But now, he would have quarreled with his best friend, did he see him backward in leaving a company where he could possibly suppose he was not wanted.

He was no sooner convinced of the impropriety of attempting to beat intelligence and good-breeding into the heads of the vulgar, with such unmerciful weapons, than, happy that my intervention had saved him additional painful reflections, he cooled down to a peaceable investigation of the subject in hand.

"You observed, (said he) that it would be a laughable scene, to view you demolishing those impertinent barriers to ingenuous sociability which frequently place even the greatest intimates in such awkward situations. For my part, (continued Leander) I am decidedly for *no restraint*, except the bounds of delicacy and veracity.—I could wish that we might be privileged at least to hint to a visitor, at particular times, that we did not at present feel willing to break the thread of our discourse—and, though his, or her, company was generally very acceptable, yet it could at the present time be conveniently dispensed with."

I fully agreed with him here—but then what did this amount to?—Just that Leander and Rario were pleased to allow that society was not, in every particular, as Rario and Leander thought it should be. This conclusion, so amicably formed, was no compensation to me, for the loss of a happy evening. I had rather have one kind glance, or sprightly remark, from my sweet Lavinia, than clear titles to a score of these "castles in the air."

My friend, said I, you have a talent for writing—in this city we have a paper, whose editor stands, though the self-created—for which I like him the more—yet the able champion of morality, politeness, and decorum—suppose you address a letter to him on the subject—I'm sure he would give us his advice: or, if he be too prudent to decide, he will at least lay our grievance before his numerous readers—and as few people know the obscure Leander or Rario, we may perchance hear the case debated in some company.

"Not I, indeed. I don't know Mr. EAST—nor do I think a whole number of the COMPANION on this subject would influence the city. For no person could be

found to set the example—and if they did, I am persuaded the person who received the *hint*, would not soon afford a second opportunity in the same house. Besides, every person is not calculated to handle every weapon. The indiscriminate exercise of this privilege might be productive of greater evils than the one desired to be removed.”

In vain I endeavoured to convince him that a proper use could be made of the privilege, and that it would tend to the ultimate ease and satisfaction of intelligent circles, without ever affecting the inferior members of the community. I asked, how could it injure the vulgar—did we not just witness that the black fellows, so far from standing on ceremony, were about to chastise their companion because he would not heed plain telling. Now I did not contend for the necessity of throwing off all reserve—but I did contend, that it was hard for ladies or gentlemen to be at all times obliged, rather than come to an open rupture, to bear with the company of whatever friend chose to call in.]

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*A Sermon in praise of Swearing—Concluded.*

Fourthly, and lastly, another advantage which attends this vice of the gentleman, this noble accomplishment, is, that it sometimes raises him to dignity and honour.

Under this head, indeed, I take a greater latitude, and advert to a remote consequence of the practice of swearing: but, as there is such a close concatenation in all our habits, and virtue and vice are progressive in their very nature, I should not do complete justice to my subject, if I omitted the consideration of it in this particular view. When a man, therefore, by a happy association of ideas, joins to the other advantages of this vice, ideas of wealth and grandeur: when he sees no argument, that appears of any weight, to bind him down to the unthrifty rules of honesty, and his regard for his own private advantage is too strong, to let him have any for the private property of his neighbour; what should hinder him, when a fair opportunity offers, from raising himself, by the ruin of his neighbour, his companion, or his dearest friend? He has sworn to a thousand lies in company, without any view of private advantage; what should prevent him then from taking one false oath, when the advantage is so considerable? Surely, neither conscience, nor reason, nor religion, can do this: no, that is impossible; for I, who am infallible as any biggied priest, that ever mounted a pulpit, have asserted, that these are all subservient to his will.

Here the swearer, with an unbounded ambition, aspires to seize on wealth, and boldly to grasp at those riches, which fortune has foolishly given to a more deserving

person; and this in spite of Justice and Equity; who are his professed enemies. Thus he rises above the multitude, and gains a lasting fame; not by blood and slaughter, but by cunning, deceit, and artifice; by bursting through the most solemn engagements, breaking in sunder the bonds of society, and only violating what all honest men hold sacred. Suppose, that he fails in his attempt, and the property of the person he has attacked remains inviolate: he is conveyed to a castle, strong as that of a crowned head; where no impertinent intruders dare appear to disturb his repose: for in the day time he has a porter to stand at his gate; in the night his faithful attendants lock and bar his doors.

Surrounded with guards, he pays a solemn visit at the seat of Justice; he has the honour of being admitted to the royal bench; he converses with that sovereign personage herself, and, for a considerable time, takes up the whole attention of her prime ministers, the lords of her court, who, assiduous to pay him all due respect, wait his coming, in their proper habiliments; and, though it be ever so early in the day, he is never received with the disrespectful negligence of undress. The ceremony being over, he is reconducted by the same guards who brought him thither, and who dare not presume to leave him, till he is safe within his palace. He now soon receives the reward of his baffled dexterity, the glorious fruit of his ambition. The day arrives, devoted to mirth and jollity; business and care are laid aside, and every labouring hand has now a holy day. He walks, or rides in his triumphal car, attended by a numerous throng of gazing spectators; he is mounted above their heads, and his neck, not his temples, adorned with a civic wreath, and his wrists with an embrasure, composed of a matter, something coarser, indeed, than that of pearls and diamonds. This is no sooner done, than gaping thousands send forth shouts of joy, and bending low, even to the ground, pay him homage; then rising up, with loud acclamations, present their tribute, striving who most shall pay, who oftenest bend. He is covered, he is loaded, with their gifts, and sensibly touched with their bounty. The more he gains, the more unenvied here he stands, while all rejoice, and give the applause that is his due. But, let his modesty be ever so great, let his blushes be like the trickling drops of crimson, painting his bashful cheek, and prompting a willingness to retire from these honours; yet one hour, at least, he is restrained to stay, to receive the willing offers of the multitude. Thrice happy man! had conscience, or had reason swayed, thou never hadst thus been blest; unknown thou mightest have lived, unknown have died.

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II. I come now in the second place, to answer some objections: but as these, after what has been said, must appear extremely trifling, I shall be as concise as possible, and hasten to a conclusion. It is said,

In the *first* place, that the swearer acts in direct opposition to all the rules of right reason.

But how can this be called an objection against swearing? What have we to do with right reason?—We leave it to the dull wretches, the men of reflection: and let there are some of these, who attempt to mimic us: but if they act inconsistently with their own abilities, let them look to that. An upright man is a downright fool, if he swears at all. Let those who can talk without, extol their wonderful talents; they have no need of this polite vice to recommend them to the world. The squeamish wretch, who is afraid of a lie, has no need to swear to what he says, for he is certain that his word will be readily taken. But away with these *yeu and nay* wretches, men born to be pointed at; the sheepish, the sober fools, who, regardless of the boundless liberty we enjoy, talk of rectitude of manners, religion, and conscience.

Secondly, and lastly, it is objected, that it is one of the most senseless, unnatural, rude, and unmannerly vices, that ever was invented.

This, it must be confessed, is paying a fine compliment to, at least, half the polite world. How can that be *rude* and *unmannerly*, which gives such a grace to conversation? 'Tis true, we express ourselves strongly, and use one of those languid, sneaking, epithets in our discourse, which your modest men, your men of humanity make use of: but as we talk without meaning, nobody can say that we mean ill. And indeed, it is a very injurious expression, to say that this is *unnatural*, when so many of us have the honour of being universally deemed to be little better than *naturals*.

And now, Sirs, I have proved, so effectually, the great advantages, attending the practice of this genteel and fashionable vice, that there needs but one word by way of application.

Consider, O consider, how inestimable are the advantages I have mentioned! If there is any one here desirous of obtaining these, and yet is troubled, and intimidated, with the impertinence of a restless conscience flying in his face, and threatening to haunt him, like a ghost, let him follow my advice, and conscience will fall asleep. Would he steel his heart against compunction, let him advance a few degrees; if he is afraid of an oath, let him come as near as he can, let him cry, *Egad, ramnation, and o dram*; let him thus chip & carve a few common-place expres-

sions, to fit them to his conscience, and the business will be done. This practice will render familiar, and the coward, who first trembled at the thought of hell, will soon have the courage to call for damnation.

And now, ye, who have long indulged this vice; who have arrived at perfection in this great accomplishment, and, by this mean, have gained that applause, which nature would have denied you, which reason refused, and conscience condemned: you, I say, who, by the assistance of this vice, have distinguished yourselves, either as the orator, the pimp, or the bully: you who, with more distinguished glory have graced, the lofty pillory; and you who, under specious oaths of speedy marriage, have violated virgin innocence, and rewarded the maid, that loved you, with eternal infamy; consider these noble advantages, applaud, congratulate yourselves, and rejoice: you have not stopped at the most flagrant impieties; you have challenged, and defied the blasting power of heaven to do its worst, and with a disinterestedness, peculiar to yourselves have generously sold the reversion of eternal, inexhaustible happiness, merely for the pleasure of affronting that great beneficent being, who has prepared it for you; your indulgent creator, and almighty friend. How nobly ungrateful! how unselfish your conduct! Boast your bravery, and consider the wisdom of the exchange: for how blind must you be to every self-interested view, how deaf to the calls of self-love, while infinite unbounded felicity has no charms, when standing in competition with the delight of affronting a benefactor, with the pleasure of a curse, and the satisfaction of hearing your own impertinence! STUPIDITY, IGNORANCE, and FOLLY, are on your side: act, therefore, like men, who profess to be their friends, and like the true enemies of REASON, RELIGION, and COMMON SENSE. You have seen your practice justified with advantages, which you have never before thought of: if these have any weight, if these have any charms, let them have all their influence. To sum up all, let every man act consistently with his real character, and, by his indulgence of this practice, or his forbearance, let his abilities, or his follies, stand confessed.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Longinus* is received, and shall appear in our next. Judicious strictures on those performances, which, whether for their wit or learning, their moral or their vicious tendency, have acquired celebrity, are highly necessary to correct the hasty judgment of many readers; and we have seldom seen one which we can with more pleasure present to our readers than *Longinus* on *Rosseau's Eloisa*.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## TRANSLATION

OF HORACE'S 3D. ODE—LIB. 2—AD DELLUM.

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis  
Servare mentem.*

Tho' through lifes adverse storms you sail,  
Or breath kind fortunes balmy gale;  
What e'er thy fate excess controul,  
Let equal conduct rule the soul:  
For whether life is past in tears,  
Or from thy breast are banish'd fears;  
Reclining in the shady grove,  
Of Bacchus quaff, or taste of love:  
Thou seest from death 'tis vain to fly,  
For fate has doom'd that thou must die.  
Where poplars and the lofty pine  
Their branching shady boughs entwine,  
While gently murmuring streams below  
In mazy currents swiftly flow;  
There wine, perfumes, and flow'rs convey;  
At ease contented pass the day,  
Nor fortune heed, nor idly grieve  
At threads the fatal sisters weave.  
Thy house no longer will be thine,  
Thy costly groves thou must resign,  
And rural seat which Tiber laves  
As roll along the yellow waves.  
That wealth amass'd with so much pain,  
Thy heir will circulate again:  
For tho' illustrious race we claim,  
Or plebian like devoid of name;  
It nought avails—'tis destin'd all  
To cruel death shall victims fall.  
Mankind are trav'ling t'wards one bourn,  
Whilst always moves the the constant urn—  
Ah, soon or late, the lot is drawn,  
And we in endless exile gone.



Lo, to this favour'd place I send  
A trusty and an easy friend,  
To cheer the virtuous heart;  
Who ever ready with a frown,  
Will knock both vice and folly down,  
And sense and taste impart.

Come then ye favour'd of the nine,  
Be kind and liberal, friends of mine,  
Impart your learned store;  
With moral essay fill my page,  
Or let the critic's skill engage,  
Or yield poetic lore.

And ah! what tributes greet mine eyes;  
Behold, what numbers seek the prize!  
Of honest well earn'd fame:  
But foremost in the ranks is seen  
One who excels—of modest mien—  
*Maria is her name.*

A MUSE.

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. J. B.

*Who died in the West Indies.*

In vain for me the breathing spring appears,  
And new drest Nature hails returning May;  
No pleasing hope my drooping bosom cheers,  
I feel my spirits with my health decay.

Consign'd in early youth to pain and woe,  
I'm doom'd the remnant of my days to mourn;  
To taste no happiness, no joy to know;  
But weep o'er scenes that never must return.

For he, alas! my brother, and my friend!  
Is gone—nor could fraternal influence save,  
Nor all my fond solicitude portend  
His doleful fate; or snatch him from the grave.

In pride of health, in life's most flatt'ring bloom,  
With ev'ry generous sentiment inspir'd;  
He sunk, regretted, to an early tomb,  
And far from ev'ry tender tie, expir'd.

No friend stood near, his dying eyes to close,  
T' inhale the accents of departing breath;  
To pour sweet consolation o'er his woes,  
Or smooth his passage to the realms of death.

As the expiring lamp inconstant burns,  
The lingering blaze unwilling to depart,  
Fondly delays—then flies—nor more returns;  
So fond endearments still withheld his heart.

Far from his weeping friends, and native shore;  
Ah could just heav'n his cruel fate decree!  
In death's cold arms he sunk to rise no more,  
"And left the world to sadness and to me."

But why, my soul, thus impiously complain  
Against the will of heav'n—or mourn his fall?  
He's snatch'd in pity from a world of pain,  
And only paid the debt impos'd on all.

And though no pomp or honour graced his bier,  
Nor pride adorn'd his modest grave with art;  
Yet o'er his fate shall friendship shed the tear,  
That speaks the mournful language of the heart.

And o'er his tomb the melancholy muse,  
The fond protectress of the good and brave;  
Shall many a sympathetick strain diffuse,  
And cull the fairest flow'rs to deck his grave.  
*Baltimore.*



ON A VALETUDINARIAN, BY BEN ALRUMI.

So careful is Isa, and anxious to last,  
So afraid of himself is he grown,  
He swears through two nostrils the breath goes too fast,  
And he's trying to breathe through but one.

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